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POPULAR TALES.

"To virtue if these Tales persuade,
"Our pleasing toil is well repaid."

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

THE SUICIDE.

(Concluded.)

While the last sad duties were paying to the deceased; from one of the company I learned the outlines of his unfortunate history. His name was Medway, he was the only child of highly respectable parents, who watched over the years of his childhood with an affectionate solicitude, that none but parents feel. He had the misfortune to lose them at an age that usually marks the commencement of life's realities, and qualifies us to become actors in the varied scenes that chequer the maturity of human existence. Injudicious parental indulgence had allowed the passions so luxuriant in youth, to grow up unchecked, and entering upon life the sole heir of a large estate, all the means for their gratification were within his reach. His inordinate love of pleasure led him into a thousand excesses—vicious habits were formed; and generous to a fault, he soon dissipated his paternal inheritance, which he had fondly flattered himself was inexhaustible. A few years discovered to him the errors of his course. His estate incumbered, an accumulation of debt which he was unable to discharge, warned him of his approaching ruin. He saw an amiable and accomplished woman to whom he had been early united, and an only son of whom he was immoderately fond, on the point of being reduced to beggary. The situation of his affairs rendered him desperate—he resorted to forgery for a temporary relief—was detected—fled from justice, accompanied by his wife, and left his son behind. For some years this asylum, indigence and wretchedness had been his lot.—He had often entreated his wife to abandon him to his fate and return to her connexions, who were ready to receive her; but in vain—hers was a devotedness, an attachment, which no calamity could shake—no adversity change.

We remained with the afflicted widow till morning, and were about to depart, when a knock at the door announced the arrival of a stranger. A young gentleman of a prepossessing appearance entered the room. He paused a moment, till fixing his eyes on Mrs. Medway, he exclaimed—"my mother!"—and caught her to his embrace.

"It is my son," she returned—"that is a countenance I can never forget!"

Some moments elapsed before the surprise of this meeting left them free to reflect on the painful realities which surrounded them. Young Medway at length awakened to a full consciousness of what had befallen his wretched parents. He gazed alternately on the pallid remains of the author of his existence and a mother whose emaciated frame scarce sustained the ruins of a heart's dearest affections. Composing himself at length an explanation followed.

Young Medway immediately after the exile of his parents was taken under the protection of a maternal uncle in New-York. Industry, perseverance and successful enterprise soon raised him to a station of honour and profit.

He often enquired with deep solicitude for his unfortunate parents, but their studiousness to conceal themselves from all, who had known them in their prosperity, kept him in ignorance of the place of their retreat. At length he determined to spare no pains in discovering their residence and extend to them that relief, consolation and support, which were the genuine promptings of filial love and duty.

With this object in view he made frequent excursions in every section of the country. It was on one of these that he stopped at the village of S— on the evening of the opening of our tale. While prosecuting his usual enquiries he pronounced the name of Medway, when a person of the most melancholy and dejected appearance, hitherto unnoticed by him, started suddenly, gazed at him a moment, and precipitately left the room.

The singularity of the movement led young Medway to make some enquiries respecting him.—He learned that it was a man who had

resided some years in a lonely part of a neighbouring mountain, which he never left, but when compelled by necessity to solicit the charity of the benevolent. He also learned that he was originally a stranger, and no one knew the place of his former residence. His secluded mode of life—the habitual melancholy that always pervaded him—his endeavours to conceal from those around him all knowledge of his former life, threw a mystery about him which no one could penetrate.

The truth immediately flashed on the mind of young Medway and determined him to commence an immediate investigation. The following morning found him in the situation we have described—a situation most appalling to a dutiful and affectionate child. It was his father, who had left the inn so abruptly, the evening before. The enquiries of the stranger had alarmed him—nothing presented itself to his mind but retribution and offended justice. Weary of a world which afforded him nothing but the very dregs of misery's cup—he drained the poisonous bowl—the consequences we have faintly attempted to delineate.

Among the papers of the deceased was a note particularly requesting that his remains should be deposited beside his cottage.—The filial regard of young Medway led him to comply with the last request of his father.

This is a simple narration of facts—years have passed since they transpired and have found me a joyless wanderer. But as often as I revisit my native village—the scenes endeared to me by the fondest recollections—I experience a melancholy satisfaction in retracing my favourite rambles among the wild dells of mount Philip, and gazing, as erst I was wont, from its commanding cliffs upon the rich and variegated scenery presented by Connecticut's beautiful and far-famed valley; and, that the remembrances of the past may be more vividly impressed on my mind, I linger a while at the grave of the suicide.

M.

FROM THE LADIES' MAGAZINE.

LOUISA WORTHINGTON.

'Manners, and not dress, are the ornaments of a woman.'

'Do you really intend to wear that simple dress to Mrs. Gilman's this evening, Ellen?' said Louisa Worthington to her friend, throwing hastily aside a plain, white muslin frock she had been examining.

'Why not, Louisa? it is pretty; and the last time I wore it, you said yourself that it was becoming.'

'I know it; but it looks so plain in these days, when every body wears trimming of every description. Besides, you have worn it so long, that one would almost imagine you had no other. I am sure, Ellen, you can afford to be always well dressed, for your father is rich, and denies you nothing.'

'The allowance he gives me, though ample, would be insufficient to furnish a variety of

elegant dresses made in the style you would wish, without depriving me of the pleasure of devoting a small part of it to useful purposes, or encroaching upon what is far more precious than money time, which may be more agreeably as well as more profitably spent, than in making dresses. One of the earliest lessons my dear mother taught me, Louisa, was, not indeed to consider dress as wholly unimportant, but as unworthy to become the great object of life,—to consume so much time and engross so much thought, which might be turned to more elevating subjects.'

'Well, I hope you will not wear your white roses in your hair; for it was only last evening that I saw Harriet Paine with precisely such a dress and such roses, arrayed as you wear yours. The most beautiful article of dress has lost its principal charm to my eye, when I see it imitated by every ordinary girl I meet.'

'Harriet Paine is no ordinary girl; and I am sure she pays a great compliment to my taste, by imitating even the arrangement of a flower. I have given good reason for dressing simply, Louisa, without saying one word about my own taste, which, while it would induce me to follow fashion so far as to avoid eccentricity, would never make me foremost among her votaries.'

'I suppose you think with Thomson, that "Beauty needs not the foreign aid of ornament;" but for my part, I know few whose charms are not heightened by external decoration, and I am determined that the Somervilles, whom we are to meet for the first time this evening, shall not imagine I have never been beyond the precincts of our own little village; and if I cannot equal a city belle in splendor of attire, I will shew her that I have seen La Belle Assemblee within the year at least.'

'You know, Louisa that I am not so blinded by vanity, as to expect to gain admiration by personal attractions; for I am well aware that I should pass unnoticed in the crowd: but nature has dealt bountifully with you; and do not think me harsh, dear Louisa, when I tell you, that "such a temple," should be the abode of "good things," and not the habitation of vanity. While I appreciate your generous qualities, I cannot but lament the foible which so often obscures their lustre. Far be it from me to condemn a proper degree of attention to dress. It is not only pardonable but commendable in a woman, to seek to please by perfect neatness, and even a tasteful arrangement of attire. But when a fondness for external ornament becomes a passion, we can hardly set bounds to its influence. How much time does it not consume? How much labour and anxiety does it not cost? and to how many little artifices may it not lead, which a sensible woman would blush to acknowledge even to herself?'

Louisa's colour rose, and she would have defended herself; but, looking at her watch, she exclaimed, 'It is time we were both at our

toilette ; so, good bye, until I see you at Mrs. Gilman's.

On her way home the inquiry suggested itself to Louisa, whether there were not much truth in Ellen's remarks ; and she almost came to the conclusion, that the care and perplexity she experienced, were hardly recompensed by the distinction she thus acquired. But the sight of her dress dissipated these reflections ; and when, after three hours spent at the toilette, she surveyed her fine figure, splendidly arrayed in a robe of silver muslin, and marked the beautiful contrast of her blue ornaments with the dazzling brilliancy of a complexion heightened by the glow of conscious loveliness, every other feeling was lost in the anticipation of the effect she must produce ; while her heart whispered that even Miss Somerville, of whose charms she had heard much, could not surpass her in beauty.

Ellen's preparation was made in much less time, and her thoughts, too, were engrossed by anticipations of the pleasure the evening promised. But in what was it to consist ? Not in the certainty of admiration, to be gained by a vain shew of costly apparel, nor in the more valuable pre-eminence of personal loveliness, but in the satisfaction to be derived from an intercourse with people, who had been represented to her as highly gifted in the qualities of both head and heart.

Ellen Stanley was not one of those girls who would pass unnoticed in the crowd ; though in the humility of her heart she never thought to win observation by advantages which, had she been conscious of possessing them, would have been viewed in her well-regulated mind, as of little value in comparison with the less evanescent charms of a cultivated intellect.

If the glance of the casual observer might have been caught by many a more brilliant face, the eye rested on Ellen's with an expression of interest, which the most beautiful combination of features alone cannot inspire. The softness of her deep blue eye, shaded by its long dark lashes, and the smile which, whenever she spoke, lighted up her whole countenance, betokened a spirit of gentleness and a heart disposed to give pleasure to all around her. Her complexion, though exquisitely fair, might have been called too pale by connoisseurs, had not "The mantling blood in ready play" which told every feeling of her soul, left no room for regret that the cheek had not been dyed with a deeper tint.

Her manners were in unison with her face, unobtrusive, yet affable ; studious to please by kindness, which was the natural expression of a heart overflowing with benevolence.

Louisa Worthington, too, had something more than mere beauty of features ; for though her's were the perfection of symmetry, her loveliness consisted as much in variety of expression, which seemed with every change to reveal some new beauty. Her manners,

too, had often a fascination few could resist, and made one almost forgive the feeling of conscious superiority, which constantly betrayed itself in spite of her efforts to seem "thoughtless of beauty."

It may seem strange that with characters so opposite, Ellen and Louisa should have been friends. Their intimacy commenced in childhood, and, as is often the case, strengthened with the lapse of years without the bond of congeniality. Louisa loved Ellen because no one could help loving her ; and in the fullness of vanity, she never dreamed that a girl so inferior in personal advantages could come in competition with her. Ellen readily yielded to Louisa the superiority she claimed, and saw in her character many traits which, if properly directed, might ripen into excellencies ; and while she sighed over the foibles which almost overshadowed them, her charity found in education an excuse for them all, and hoped her friend might yet be made to view the little vanities which now engrossed her every thought, in a just light, and learn the superior value of less fleeting good.

The Somerville family whose arrival had excited so much interest in the village, consisted of a widow lady of great fortune, with her son and daughter. She had left a Southern city for a residence in L. which was not far distant from one of our Northern Institutions ; that she might better keep an espionage over her son, who had just entered the Sophomore class, with a fair prospect of a high rank, and a character which, while it awakened some fears in a mother's heart, gave her every thing to hope.

Ellen and Louisa had been seated an hour in Mrs. Gilman's drawing room, when the strangers were announced ; and the eyes of both eagerly sought a view of those of whom they had heard so much.

Mrs. Somerville was a dignified looking woman, with an expression of great intelligence, softened by benevolence. She recalled Ellen's mother to her mind ; and, she thought, as she looked at her, that such a friend would direct Louisa's energies to better things, than the frivolous objects which now engrossed them.

A single glance at Miss Somerville, satisfied Louisa, that she had nothing to fear from such a rival ; for hers was a face which, while it pleased, would not have been pronounced beautiful at first sight. Louisa's scrutinizing glance might have discovered an expression of something within better than beauty, had it not been arrested by her dress, which surprised her by its simplicity. Any one, less observant than Louisa, of the little articles of a lady's wardrobe, would have called it elegant, without being able to mention a single article, which constituted its beauty.

"How provoking !" she exclaimed, almost involuntarily to Ellen.

"What ?" replied Ellen, evidently absorbed in some more pleasing reflection, than that which disturbed Louisa's serenity.

'That Miss Somerville should appear in society so ordinarily dressed. She has not a single ornament; and I have worn my most showy ones, thinking she would make a great display; for I have been told that her mother is immensely rich.'

At this moment Mrs. Gilman came up, and proposed introducing her young friends to the new guests; a proposal gladly accepted by Ellen, whose favourable impressions were not weakened by a nearer approach to the strangers; and she went home gratified by the consciousness that her good opinion was not altogether without a return; since the kind wish for a farther acquaintance, expressed by Mrs. Somerville, gave her the hope of an improving intercourse with refined and intelligent people.

The conversation of the Somervilles naturally turned upon the people they had met; and as Ellen and Louisa were not the least prominent among the younger part of the guests, Miss Somerville and her brother dwelt considerably upon them.

'Miss Worthington is certainly the most splendid looking girl I ever saw,' said the latter; 'I had no idea that this little town of L. contained so much beauty.'

'Splendid looking she is, I grant,' said his sister; 'but her's is not a face I love to look upon. Miss Stanley, though not so brilliant, is far more interesting to my eye.'

'She is certainly pleasing; but there is nothing striking in her face.'

'But did you hear her converse, George? If you did, I am sure you must have been struck with the sweetness which beamed from her mild, but intelligent countenance. Her face, however, is her least charm; her gentle and affable manners must please every one; and I am delighted to find so agreeable a companion to enliven our residence here. Miss W. did not seem inclined to talk; and her face has an unquiet expression, which does not strike me pleasantly.'

'Avoid forming hasty judgments, my dear,' said her mother. 'Miss W. may improve on acquaintance. The unquietness you speak of may not be the constant or prevailing expression of her countenance. She is a fine looking girl, and her face does not want intelligence; but I may be allowed to say, without breach of good nature, that I do not approve her style of dress. If any thing about her would warrant an unfavourable impression of her character, it is her great display of this kind, wholly unnecessary in any society, and particularly unsuited to that of a country village. Many evils result from a love of dress, when carried to an extreme; and not the least is the extravagance to which it leads those, whose means are inadequate to the expense of imitating such as give the tone to society. I would not have these ladies refrain from dressing in a manner suitable to their station in life; but this they may do, without any great display, or making dress

a primary object. Perhaps I may find Miss W. less devoted to frivolous pursuits, than one would imagine from her appearance; for when I expressed to Miss Stanley a fear that her mind received less care than her person, she begged me not to judge of her character by her manners this evening, adding, that they were at times very engaging, and that she never saw her appear so constrained before. I observed your admiration of Miss W. without uneasiness, George, for I am sure that a brilliant face alone cannot captivate you; and you will probably have an opportunity of ascertaining whether the jewel be as precious as the casket is beautiful.'

Poor Louisa was too much perplexed by her efforts to divine a reason for Miss Somerville's plainness of dress, to derive any pleasure from the party. She could neither converse, nor look, as usual, till this mystery was solved; and it was not till her head was laid on her pillow, that a satisfactory explanation occurred to her. Her mind was at length greatly relieved by the suggestion that Miss S. might not have expected to meet any persons, who would appreciate elegance of attire, in so small and obscure a village. But she will have ascertained this evening, thought she, that we rustics are not altogether devoid of taste, and will probably try to convince us, that she has her share, whenever we give her another opportunity; which I am resolved to do soon.

The necessary arrangements for a splendid party cost her some sleepless hours; and if she arose a little paler than usual the next morning, she was not the less indefatigable in her efforts to plan a dress, which should be altogether different from the last, and even more beautiful.

It cost her much fatiguing exertion, and some few sallies of temper elicited by the unwillingness of her mantua-maker, to suit every change of her wayward fancy: but it was at length completed; and the important evening arrived, when Louisa with a heart beating with vanity, not unmixed with anxiety, prepared to meet her friends. She arrayed herself with more than usual care; but the *tout ensemble* of her figure did not meet her high expectations.

'Why is it that I look so wretchedly this evening, Sally?' said she to her maid: 'I am sure nothing can be wanting in my dress.'

'No, indeed, ma'am, you never wore one half so beautiful; but don't you know, Miss Louisa, that you havn't hardly any colour tonight. It really grieves me to see you, that every body says is so fine complexioned, looking so pale: but it is no wonder; for you have worked so hard and fretted so much, for fear your gown would not be handsome, that you are almost sick. Now if you would let me give you a little rouge for your pale cheeks you would look better than you ever did before.'

'Oh no! that I can never do. I cannot practice deception: but how unfortunate that

my colour should have fled just now !' and the poor vain girl could scarcely refrain from tears of disappointment.

' But you would only have to put on such a little, Miss Louisa : and who would know it ; and you need not wear it again, you know ; for you generally have a great deal of colour : here it is ; and I could put on a little.'

' No, Sally ; I am ready, and you may go down.'

Louisa stood some time at the glass, lamenting the untimely absence of her bloom, while every moment increased her chagrin. But I cannot stoop to the meanness of dissimulation, thought she. What would Ellen think of me ? But then, as Sally says, it would be for one evening only ; and not even Ellen would know it. She looked at her watch ; and it was just the hour for the company to arrive. There was no time for further deliberation, and with a trembling hand the rouge was laid on, and her complexion did look more brilliant than ever.

Ellen was one of the first to arrive ; and Louisa saw or thought she saw a look of disapprobation : but she hoped her fear of detection had deceived her. She tried to appear gay ; and the belief that she must be admired, made her feel almost so. But what was her surprise, when Miss Somerville entered in the same dress she wore the last time they met. To wear the same dress to two successive parties, clearly proved to Louisa, that Miss S. did not consider external appearance of the first importance ; and convinced her that she had gained nothing in the opinion of the persons she most wished to attract. Her uneasiness was too great for concealment, and gave to her countenance an expression positively unamiable ; while it deprived her of the tranquillity of manner which bespeaks a heart at ease. She made a powerful effort to address Miss Somerville ; who met her constrained attempt at conversation with a sweetness which might have restored Louisa's equanimity, had she not unfortunately congratulated her on the possession of so valuable a friend as Ellen. A week before, Louisa would have responded to any commendation of Ellen ; but in her present state of feeling, it touched a wrong chord ; and she coolly replied, ' She is admired by some, I believe.' Miss Somerville's face expressed surprise at the feeling thus betrayed, and she turned the subject with no better success ; for Louisa was not in a mood for talking.

But her mortification did not end here ; for while she was trying to assume an appearance of self-possession, a young lady entered, who to a pretty face added a love of display, which had always urged her to imitate Louisa as nearly as her limited means would allow. Louisa's mantua-maker, to be revenged on her for the trouble she had given her, divulged the important secret of her dress, and Miss May, by dint of great industry and ingenuity had

produced a similar one. This was too much for Louisa's already wounded spirit to endure ; her nerves irritated by the fatigue and anxiety of the last week, could not support this last shock ; and she sunk into a chair, quite overpowered by her emotions.

Ellen who, while conversing with Mrs. Somerville, had not been an indifferent observer of Louisa's sufferings, but had felt the utmost compassion for her weakness, perceived, notwithstanding her fine colour, that she was faint, and hastened to assist her to her chamber, in the hope that her folly might not be exposed. But all eyes turned a glance of suspicion on her face as she passed.

' Oh, Louisa,' said Ellen, as soon as she revived, ' why could you not have been satisfied with the personal gifts which nature has bestowed, and have given but one half the care you have lavished on the perishable body, to the cultivation of those graces which survive its decay.'

' Do not reproach me, Ellen,' said the weeping girl ; ' for I have suffered enough already. How contemptible must I be in the sight of all whose good opinion I most value, when I could not even hear the praises of my best friend without envying her the pre-eminence I have not sought to obtain. Can you forgive me, dear Elleu, and be my monitor ? and whenever you see me again tempted, remind me once more, that a passion for dress and admiration may lead to artifices, which a sensible woman would blush to acknowledge even to herself.'

J***.

THE TRAVELLER.

" He travels and expatiates as the bee

" From flower to flower, so he from land to land."

All the readers of modern poetry, have read of the famous place for opium eating on Constantinople. The following from Madden's Travels is the latest and best description of this temple of happiness.

' The market of Theriski Theachissy, near the mosque of Solymania, is the place where the opium eaters indulge in the use of this delicious poison. The coffee houses, where the Theriaks, or opium eaters, assemble, are situated in a large square ; and on a bench outside of the door, they await the wished for reveries, which present to their glowing imagination the forms of the celestial hours, and the enjoyments of their own paradise in all its voluptuousness. I had heard so many contradictory reports of the sensations produced by this drug, that I resolved to know the truth, and accordingly took my seat in the coffee house, with half a dozen Theriaks. Their gestures were frightful, those who were completely under the influence of the opium talked incoherently, their features were flushed, their eyes had an unnatural brilliancy and the general expression of their countenances was horribly wild. The effect is usually produced in two hours, and lasts four or five ; the dose va-

ties from three grains to a drachm—I saw one old man take four pills, of six grains each, in the course of two hours; I was told he had been using opium for five and twenty years; but this is a very rare example of an opium-eater passing thirty years of age, if he commence the practice early. The debility both moral and physical, attendant on its excitement, is terrible; the appetite is soon destroyed, every fibre in the body trembles, the nerves of the neck become affected, and the muscles get rigid; several of these I have seen in this place, at various times, who had wry necks and contracted fingers; but still they cannot abandon the custom: they are miserable till the hour arrives for taking their daily dose; and when its delightful influence begins they are all fire and animation. Some of them compose excellent verses, and others address the bystanders in the most eloquent discourses, imagining themselves to be emperors, and to have all the harems in the world at their command. I commenced with one grain; in the course of an hour and a half it produced no perceptible effect; the coffee house keeper was very anxious to give me an additional pill of two grains, but I was contented with half a one; and in another half hour, feeling nothing of the expected reverie. I took half a grain more, making in all two grains in the course of two hours. After two hours and a half from the first dose, I took two grains more; and shortly after this dose, my spirits became sensibly excited; the pleasure of the sensation seemed to depend on a universal expansion of mind and matter. My faculties appeared enlarged; everything I looked on appeared increased in volume; I had no longer the same pleasure when I closed my eyes which I had when they were open; it appeared to me as if it was only external objects which acted on the imagination, and magnified into images of pleasure; in short, it was the faint, exquisite music of a dream in a waking moment. I made my way home as fast as possible, dreading at every step, that I shou'd commit some extravagance. In walking, I was hardly sensible of my feet touching the ground; it seemed as if I slid along the street, impelled by some invisible agent, and that my blood was composed of some ethereal fluid, which rendered my body lighter than air. I got to bed the moment I reached home. The most extraordinary visions of delight filled my brain all the night. In the morning I arose, pale and dispirited; my head ached; my body was so debilitated that I was obliged to remain on the sofa all the day, dearly paying for my first essay at opium eating.'

Of course, as all this rapture proceeded from opium, it was a brilliant evidence of the power of the drug on the fancy. But the sliding step, the body lighter than air, the extraordinary dreams, and the headache the next morning, are symptoms of such ordinary occurrence, that if the worker of the spell had been Port wine instead of poppy juice, we should have said that the doctor was 'drunk.'—*Court Journal.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Variety we still pursue,
In pleasure seek for something new."

SOUTHEY.

It is not easy to estimate the effects which the example of a young man, as highly distinguished for strict purity of disposition and conduct as for intellectual power and literary acquirements, may produce on those of similar pursuits and congenial minds. For many years my opportunities of intercourse with Mr. Southey have been rare, and at long intervals; but I dwell with unabated pleasure on the strong and sudden, yet, I trust, not fleeting, influence which my moral being underwent on my acquaintance with him at Oxford, whither I had gone at the commencement of our Cambridge vacation, on a visit to an old school-fellow. Not, indeed, on my moral or religious principles, for *they* had never been contaminated; but in awakening the sense of the duty and dignity of making my actions accord with those principles both in word and deed. The irregularities nearly universal among the young men of my standing, which I always knew to be *wrong*, I then learnt to feel as *degrading*; learnt to know that an opposite conduct, which was at that time considered by us as the easy virtue of cold and selfish prudence, might originate in the noblest emotions, in views the most disinterested and imaginative.

COLERIDGE.

FRANKLIN was a journeyman printer, ARKWRIGHT a journeyman barber, yet either might have stood beside the proudest nobles in the world without disparagement to human nature. Indeed, we have regarded the free labouring classes as the 'salt of the earth,' and sometimes amused ourselves with projecting a transfer of the 'well born' to some island, and having a *nation of lords*. As it would be beneath the dignity of these to make any thing, they would eat one another ready-made, and raw,—for who would stoop to become a cook!—so there would soon be an end to their lordships. WASHINGTON, himself a county surveyor, thought it no disgrace that his right hand man, GREENE had been a blacksmith; nor did the richly possessed CHARLES CARROLL overshadow ROGER SHERMAN, the shoe-maker, in the congress that declared independence. Princes may make dukes and lords and *freeholders*, at will—and some of them may assign to such whole herds of men as slaves,—but all the kings in the world cannot make a BRINDLEY or a FULTON. These are of a class that we have heard called the 'Almighty's noblemen,' and we are thankful that there are many such to bless our land. Some would render all the labouring classes slaves—and this disposition is easily entertained by those who hold real slaves. The grandchild of a person transported to Maryland and sold as a slave, has talked about *rank!* This

was to be laughed at—but it is not uncommon that the sons and daughters of mechanics affect a disgust for mechanics; a half-starved pettifogger claims precedence over the substantial tradesman because that labour is not thought honorable.

Né sutor ultra crepidam—let the cobbler stick to his last, has no part in the republican character of America. To please those who hold that saying, a play was got up in England just after the close of the revolutionary war, in which persons, having distinguished places in America were represented as tailors and cobblers and tinkers.—John Bull was delighted. He forgot the expenditure of two hundred millions of pounds, and the loss of thirteen provinces inhabited by three millions of people, in his contempt of Americans—but John was brought to his reason by a sly Yankee in the gallery, who roared out, ‘Great Britain drubbed by tailors and cobblers and tinkers—hurrah!’ Bull then scratched his head, and made the discovery, that he had been laughing at his own expense! And so will all that hold that notion—in the United States.—*Niles’ Register.*

It cannot be that earth is man’s only abiding place. It cannot be that our life is a bubble, cast up by the ocean of eternity to float a moment upon its waves, and sink into darkness and nothingness. Else why is it, that the high and glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temples of our hearts, are forever wandering abroad unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars, which ‘hold their festivals around the midnight throne,’ are set above the grasp of our limited faculties—forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and then taken from us—leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in an Alpine torrent upon our hearts? We are born to a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be spread out before us like the islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful beings which here pass before us like visions, will stay in our presence forever.

Capsizing a Sailor.—As an honest seaman, who had just come into port, was taking a stroll in the country, he saw a bull dashing furiously along the road, directly towards him, and, according to the custom of the animal, when under full speed, with his tail straight out behind him.—‘Bull ahoy!’ roared Jack, making a speaking trumpet of his hand, ‘ease off your spanker sheet, there, you lubberly son of a cow, or you’ll be foul of me.’ The bull paid no attention to the warning of the sailor, and the next moment Jack was rolling in the dirt. ‘There, d——n your eyes!’ said the enraged

tar, gathering himself up, ‘I told you, you would run afoul of me!’—*N. Y. Constellation.*

A Damper.—A young city sot, in company with some belles of fashion, was riding into the country *pleasuring*, when they saw a poor rustic looking country lad at work by the roadside. Thinking it a fine opportunity to show his wit to the damsels, by sporting with the poor boy’s ignorance, he thus accosted him:—‘Can you inform me, Mr. Zebedee, how far it is to where I am going, and which is the most direct road?’ Poor Zebby, not at all daunted, but with the most sober and composed face, said ‘If you are going to the gallows, it is but a short distance; if to the jail, it stands but a few rods this side; but if only to poverty and disgrace, you are now approaching your journey’s end—As for the most direct road to either, you are now in it, and cannot miss the way.’ The dandy dropped his head and drove on.

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1830.

The Medico-Chirurgical Review.—Proposals have been forwarded to us, by R. & G. S. Wood, New-York, for republishing a work with the above title, edited by James Johnson, M. D. member of the Royal College of Physicians in London, and published quarterly in that Metropolis. The articles composing this celebrated British Journal are arranged under the following heads:

1. Extensive Analytical Reviews of English and Foreign Medical Works.
2. Quarterly Periscope of Practical Medicine; or, Spirit of the Medical Journals, Foreign and Domestic.
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MARRIED,

At Taghkanic, on the 30th ult. by Adam L. Strevel, Esq. Mr. John Smith, of Ancram, to Mrs. Caty Coons.

At Ancram, on the 4th inst. by John Coons, Esq. Mr. Andries Felts, of Kinderhook, to Mrs. Mary Brunt, of Ancram.

At Norwich, N. Y. Mr. Joseph M. Farr, printer, to Miss Almira Brown.

In Utica, Mr. E. A. Maynard, junior editor of the Oneida Observer, to Miss Welthy Velona Hart.

DIED,

In this city, on the 19th ult. Mr. Henry Hallenbeck, aged 83 years.

On the 20th ult. Thomas Carpenter, of Tioga county, aged 19 years.

In Albany, on Monday evening, the 1st inst. Dr. Caleb Child, in the 71st year of his age.



POETRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

THE LAMENTATION.

Unhappy maid where wilt thou fly
To shun the gaze of every eye
And sink to rest.
To rest! Alas no rest remains
For this sad heart: ten thousand pains
Distract my breast.
'I turn, and turn, and find no ray,'
No star to promise dawning day,
And cheer my heart.
Darkest despair broods o'er my soul,
Reigns undisturb'd without control,
In every part.
No peace, no pleasure, do I know:—
The piercing shaft of bitter woe,
Alas, strikes deep!
Its fatal wound, no balm can heal,
Till death, these weeping eyes shall seal,
In balmy sleep.
Farewell loved scenes, that once were dear,
Fond mem'ry sheds o'er you the tear
Of tender love.
Farewell in constancy and truth,
Ye dear companions of my youth:—
We meet above.

EVELINE.

FROM THE ATLANTIC SOUVENIR FOR 1830.

TO A STOLEN RING.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

O for thy history now! Hadst thou a tongue
To whisper of thy secrets, I would lay
Upon thy jewel'd tracey my ear,
And dream myself in heaven. Thou hast been worn
In her fine spirit's pride, and thou hast felt
The bounding of the haughtiest pulse that e'er
Sprang from the heart of woman, and thy gold
Has lain upon her forehead in the hour
Of sadness, when the weary thoughts came fast,
And life was but a bitterness, with all
Its vividness and beauty. She has gazed,
In her fair girlhood, on thy snowy pearls,
And mused away the hours, and she has cast
On thee the flashing of her downcast eye,
When a strong tone was eloquent in her ear;
And thou hast lain upon her cheek, and press'd
Back on her heart its beatings, and put by
From her clear temples the ungather'd curls;
And in her holy sleep, when she has lain
In her unconscious beauty, and the dreams
Of her high heart came goldenly and soft,
Thou hast been there unhidden, and hast felt
The swelling of the clear, transparent veins
As the rich blood rush'd through them warm and fast.
I am impatient as I gaze on thee,
Thou inarticulate jewel! Thou hast heard
With thy dull ear such music!—the low tone
Of a fond sister's tenderness, when night
Hath folded them together like a flower;
The sudden snatch of a remember'd song
Warbled capriciously! the careless word
That half betrayeth the inaudible thought
Working within the heart; and, more than all,
Thou hast been lifted when the burning prayer
For a loved father, and the sleeping one

Lying beside her, trembled on her lip,
And the warm tear, which from her eye stole out
As the soft lash fell over it, has lain
Amid thy shining jewels like a star.

FROM THE LONDON KEEPSAKE, FOR 1830.

THE SOLDIER'S TEAR.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLEY.

Upon the hill he turned,
To take a last fond look
Of the valley and the village church,
And the cottage by the brook.
He listened to the sounds
So familiar to his ear,
And the soldier leant upon his sword,
And wiped away a tear.
Beside the cottage porch.
A girl was on her knees,
She held aloft a snowy scarf,
Which floated in the breeze.
She breathed a prayer for him,
A prayer he could not hear;
But he paused to bless her as she knelt,
And wiped away a tear.
He turned and left the spot—
Oh! do not deem him weak;
For dauntless was the soldier's heart,
Though tears were on his cheek.
Go watch the foremost rank,
In danger's dark career;
Be sure the hand most potent there
Has wiped away a tear.

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preached to us all,
"Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Trip-thong.

PUZZLE II.—Because he is a jewel, (*Jew-ill*)

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

Soon as I am born I die,
And none can tell thee where I lie,
I have a soul, but not a shape,
I'm neither man, nor beast, nor ape:
I ne'er was seen, yet all can tell
Who I love, and where I dwell;
My length has never been decided,
I am sometimes short, sometimes divided,
With love-lorn souls I often dwell,
Ask those my name who best can tell.

II.

What is the art that grace to shadows give?

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